

GILDER, RICHARD W.

DRAWER 28

POETS

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Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Richard W. Gilder

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

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Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection



RICHARD WATSON GILDER
whose Complete Poems will appear in October



R. W. Gilder



RICHARD WATSON GILDER
whose Complete Poems will appear in October



RICHARD WATSON GILDER,
Editor of *The Century Magazine*.

Dr. J.

SONNET TO LINCOLN READ TO THOUSANDS

Audience in Carnegie Hall Stilled
as Richard Watson Gilder Re-
cites His, "Life Mask."

EULOGIZED BY GEN. PORTER

Says Savior of the Republic Never
Tried to Massage the Back of a
Political Porcupine,

NY Times 2-13-09

ON THE LIFE MASK OF LINCOLN.

By Richard Watson Gilder.

This bronze doth keep the very form and mold
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he;
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks
that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the Summer's
gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on; the lone agony
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.
Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men

ON THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THIS bronze doth keep the very form and mould
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on; the lone agony
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.
Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day —
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken..
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armed strength — his pure and mighty heart.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

*Given to the Boston Public Library
Boston - Cambridge*

Gilder, R. W.

On the Life Mask of Abraham
Lincoln

"This bronze doth keep the
very form and mold --"

The Independent, February 17, 1923.

On the Life Mask of
Abraham Lincoln

THIS bronze doth keep the very form and mold
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
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Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.
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RICHARD WATSON GILDER [1844-1909]

Gilder, Richard Watson

Leys

On The Life Mask of Abraham Lincoln

"This bronze dost keep the
very form and mould"

2-12-36

Indianapolis News

On the Life Mask of Abraham Lincoln

This bronze doth keep the very form
and mould
Of our great martyr's face. Yes,
this is he;
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth;
those cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the
summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the
sea
For storms to beat in the lone agony
These silent patient lips too well
foretold.
Yes, this is he who ruled a world of
men
As might some prophet of the elder
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Brooding above the tempest and the
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With deep-eyed thought and more
than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch
of art
Or armed strength—his pure and
mighty heart.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

On the Life-Mask of
Abraham Lincoln

*This bronze doth keep the very
form and mold
Of our great martyr's face. .Yes,
this is he:
That brow all wisdom, all be-
nignity;
That human, humorous mouth;
those cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all
the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the
sea
For storms to beat on; the lone
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Those silent, patient lips too well
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Yes, this is he who rules a world
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As might some prophet of the
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Brooding above the tempest and
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With deep-eyed thought and more
than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch
of art
Or armed strength—his pure and
mighty heart.*

Richard Watson Gilder (1844-1909).

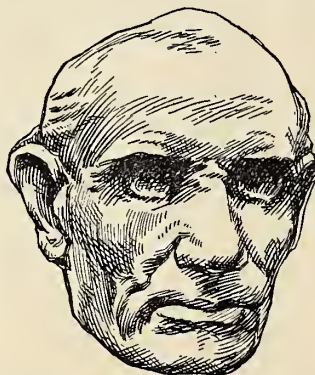
Cleveland Press 2-12-36

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

ON THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Richard Watson Gilder

HIS bronze doth keep the very form and mold
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he;
That brow of wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on; the lone agony
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.
Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armèd strength—his pure and mighty heart.



From Volk's Life-Mask

Richard Watson Gilder

Wandering through the varied attractions of the Columbian Exposition in 1893 that linked the historical with the development of learning, art, science and industry, we looked up and saw before us Richard Watson Gilder, the poet. We recognized him from his photograph we had in our pocket. It was a bold undertaking, but we produced the picture and asked him to autograph the same. That an entire stranger in a jam of at least 20,000 people should recognize him—he said that was worth any one minute sacrifice that he could make. Later we secured a copy of his poem on the Volk life mask, which he might have autographed.

It is as follows:

This bronze doth keep the very form and
mold

Of our great martyr's face, yes, this
is he;

That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those
cheeks that hold

Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;

That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on: the lone agony
Those silent, patient lips too well fore-
told.

Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder
day—

Brooding above the tempest and the
fray

With deep-eyed thought and more than
mortal ken.

A power was his beyond the touch of
art

Or armed strength: his pure and
mighty heart.

ON THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

This bronze doth keep the very form and mold

Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:

That brow all wisdom, all benignity;

That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold

Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;

That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea

For storms to beat on; the lone agony

Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.

Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men

As might some prophet of the elder day---

Brooding above the tempest and the fray

With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.

A power was his beyond the touch of art

Or armed strength---his pure and mighty heart.

LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
This bronze doth keep the very form
and mold
Of our great martyr's face. Yet this
is he;
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those
cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the
the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on; the lone
agonies
Those silent, patient lips too well fore-
told.

Yes, this is he who ruled a world of
men
As might some prophet of the elder
day—
Brooding above the tempest and the
fray
With deep-eyed thought, and more than
mortal ken.
A power was this beyond the touch of
art
Or armed strength—his pure and
mighty heart.
—RICHARD WALTON GILDER.

"This bronze doth
keep the very form
and mold"

On the Life-Mask of Lincoln

By Richard Watson Gilder

This bronze doth keep the very form
and mold
Of our great martyr's face. Yes,
this is he:
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those
cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the
summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the
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For storms to beat on; the lone
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Of armed strength—his pure and
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